SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Adieu.

A ne'er returning
Forgive then!—yes I do forgive thee.
And bless thee as we part.
And pray that peace may never leave thee
My agony of heart.
I will not disobey you wishes
Upon thy fair young brow.
But would thy life might ever run
As smoothly as now.

I know that I have knelt in lowly
For smiles no oft withdrawn,
That kneeling thus you turned from me scornfully,
The bosom of thy worm—
That then and had the triumph knew
I unpreclaimed and complete—
When prostrated at my feet of power
I spurned in full at last
The heart that sought
In elegance of it.

The Birmingham
Journal, Saturday.

BY WILSON
CHAPIN.

A practical woman
is a jewel, and a
treasure for life.
Such a one I found
in my better half,
and I have
a claim by Wis-
dom, Mankind
and Solomon, to
husbandize good-
ness.

Such practi-
cal women usually
work as Beavers
do, and Bees, and
Ants, and other
wise creatures
that I have
studied with
much profit.

Go, thou sluggard! thy proud shall assist thee,
And gambles on thy wealth.
And flatterers a pleasure, thy staff greet thee
With this truism and wisdom.
Go, try the frolicsomeness of earth.
With this young heart of thine,
And watch an ungrateful world
On pleasure's every dance.

The pleasant path may yet be shaded—
A shadow o'er thy sun—
The way wanderer which thou has headed,
Fall from thine one by one,
Ere fairest flowers have wasted away—
The tree of love be broken
And withered every sweet spray—
The fountain from heart spoken,
Go heartless girl!—thou'lt smile to morrow
As I do now!
And quote thy lover's words of sorrow,
For those of happier men.
A corner there will be for thee
Of weeping years may tell—
And they'll shine in thy prayer—
Loved long! here then well!

JACK O'FARRELL'S BRIDE.

Such a set of fellows as the —th Dragoons, I never met with in the whole course of my life. Lots of friendliness and hospitality they would beat old Solomon, who had a table that stretched from one end of Palestine to the other. Their invitations are not given for months chimes in seven days, but for weeks and months. "There now, there's a good fellow, you'll dine with us till Christmas;" or "I've got a new mare—I'll ride the client in from Essex Bridge;" accepted the invitation, and intend paying it off by installments of a week at a time; no constitution could stand their hospitality for a longer period without a fit of the repose. I am now resting on my oars, and getting out of a slight misunderstanding of the hand to the cruel wife, and the mercurious. I will just take a little memorandum of what occurred while I remained with them, by way of keeping their memory green in my mind—which, by the by, is nothing green—it's scorched during dinner. The colonel was in the chair, and a jolter looking personage it was never been my luck to meet with, indeed, actually, and something like bloated, thinness of a famous combination of the Bacchus imbibing hose and conquering Hollo, and the same Bacchus looking thing too long to be conquering a child. I am bound to confess, that the latter part of this resemblance is suggested to me by the sign post of this very identical house in Dublin I write, where a prodigious man, without any particular superfluity of costume, is represented sitting on a puncheon of red cider, with a bottle in each hand, as resident of mouth, and with such a glance of unsuitable wisdom in his eye—I'll bet a hundred to one the painter of that sign has had the honor of an interview with the jolliest Colonel O'Connor. There never was a man more popular in a regiment. On parade or at mess he was equally at home. In one of those messes he was complained of, who swallow potatoes bottle deep, and are fit for nothing else, but a man accused at all points, one who "the divil's in a bottle know," as well as the flavor of a vintage. He aroused some where about fifty years of age, with a considerable affluence of hair, already about him. The shoulders of his crown was scrupulously concealed by combing the long straggling locks across over it, and his allusions were to the days when he was a real beauty, which turned a man's hair grey in the very prime of boyhood. He had never left the regiment, but gradually cloned his way up from a lieutenancy to be its senior captain; he had, however, lost the gaudy which had made him so much liked and reported in the first traits of his youthful. That was the colonel of when I saw him ten days ago presiding at mess. His times were delicious to listen to. The music of five hundred Irishmen distilled into one, is a pretty fair comparison, but not a faint idea of his fine rich Tipperary,—and all so softened by the delightful gradual subsidence of the wine, that by my honor, a story, without his tones to tell it with, was almost all its value. When the bottles began their journey, one needed hobbies commencement; but after one or two roundtee bumpers, my attention was attracted by a conversation at the foot of the table.

"Faith an' you quite right," said the Colonel in answer to some observations, "in what ye say about marriage. There's a stark staring scarcity of the quality. Here I have been stationed now in this city of York for six weeks, and divil a young fellow of us all has picked up his heiress yet. Now, mind me when I was born about thirty years ago, it was a very different story. We had something or other to laugh at every day in the way of the fun, and divarsion, and a duel, or a touch, or a shot, or a horse-whipping. But now, by the soul of me, there's no sort of amusement to be had at all, at all."

"Pray, Colonel, are there any heiresses in this neighborhood at present?" drawled forth a young cornet.

"Faith, surely," replied the Colonel, "ye ought to be on the lookout for that yourself. I've enough to do to pick up information on my own account."

"I merely wanted to benefit a little by your experience," repeated the other.

"Experience! is it that ye're wanting? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a secret. That same experience in the way divil in a man's way when he thinks of doing the civil thing to a young lady that has the misfortune to be rich. Young fellows like you are treated by guardians and mothers with a little of that sort, and even by the dazed herself, because they are no danger in a youth with so little experience. I found it so myself when I passed the regiment first. Never was known such a set of fine flesh upon botched creatures as I found all the young darlings at every party I went to. No shyness, no fears, no worrying away at my approach in case I should ask them to dance with me, but now that I have had about thirty years of that same practice in the art of courtship, there's no such thing as getting near the sweet creature even in whisper a word. Every mother's son—daughter I mane —of them, gets away as soon as possible from me, as if I was a sarcenter.

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And bless thee as we part.
And pray that peace may never leave thee
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"'If she's a Scotchwoman,' said I, 'you must be sure of your ground—they haven't so many heiresses among the hills as in the fat fields of England. What's her name?'

"'There now,' said he, clapping his leg, 'ain't I a pretty fellow! I've danced with her half the night, and never asked her what her name is. I'll go and and ask her this moment.' And accordingly he marched up to her once more, and carried off the heiress to meet Jack from the line.

"'Pray, Madam, may I make so bould, he began, 'as to ask you what, your name may be—for really I've forgot it myself.'

"'Sherrity fire—thenwood did he say?' exclaimed Jack, quite overcome by his good fortune; 'and I hope yer family's well, ma'am, and you'll let me have the honor of waiting on them.'

"'I hasna got my brothers, and my sisters are pretty well, I thank ye.'

"'Bishop's a cute good thing to hear that. Do ye happen to know what my name is? I am John O'Farrell, Esquire, of Dallymanny, in the county of Galway, of a very ancient family—and what are you's name, if I may be so bould?'

"'Oh, in our family we never can tell to a mile or two what the size of or ranting may be. I have heard that it's about twenty-five thousand acres of land, besides the four lakes and the river.'

"'Seventy-five—thenwood did he say?' exclaimed Jack, quite overcome by his good fortune; 'and I hope yer family's well, ma'am, and you'll let me have the honor of waiting on them.'

"'I hasna got my brothers, and my sisters are pretty well, I thank ye.'

"'Oh, every one of them, I tell ye, except myself and Jack O'Farrell. Did I ever tell ye how nearly awful Jack and I were bothked.'

"'No, Colonel,'" cried a great many voices, "let us hear."

"'Gently, my lads, gently. I'll tell ye first of my friend Jack. I'll take a little time to think of it before I tell ye my own adventure.' Here the Colonel sighed, and said something about agonized feelings and breaking hearts, which contrasted so ludicrously with his hilarious countenance and Herculean figure, that we could not avoid bursting into a very hearty laugh. The Colonel, after a moment's little discomposed, for I believe he considers himself no contemptible performer in the art of pitheic story-telling, poured out an laugh, tossed off a bumper and began.

"'Well—Jack O'Farrell was the most gallant-looking fellow I ever saw—great red whiskers, and a fine stout body, and a horse, bright eyes and eyes, and a gash from a shillelah across his brow, that made him look a handsome copy of the divil, when in a passion. He was a leading man, for a best-tempered fellow that ever was seen in the world, and had been out five times before he was twenty-one. He was the first who accepted the invitation, and intend paying it off by installments of a week at a time; no constitution could stand their hospitality for a longer period without a fit of the repose. I am now resting on my oars, and getting out of a slight misunderstanding of the hand to the cruel wife, and the mercurious. I will just take a little memorandum of what occurred while I remained with them, by way of keeping their memory green in my mind—which, by the by, is nothing green—it's scorched during dinner. The colonel was in the chair, and a jolter looking personage it was never been my luck to meet with, indeed, actually, and something like bloated, thinness of a famous combination of the Bacchus imbibing hose and conquering Hollo, and the same Bacchus looking thing too long to be conquering a child. I am bound to confess, that the latter part of this resemblance is suggested to me by the sign post of this very identical house in Dublin I write, where a prodigious man, without any particular superfluity of costume, is represented sitting on a puncheon of red cider, with a bottle in each hand, as resident of mouth, and with such a glance of unsuitable wisdom in his eye—I'll bet a hundred to one the painter of that sign has had the honor of an interview with the jolliest Colonel O'Connor. There never was a man more popular in a regiment. On parade or at mess he was equally at home. In one of those messes he was complained of, who swallow potatoes bottle deep, and are fit for nothing else, but a man accused at all points, one who "the divil's in a bottle know," as well as the flavor of a vintage. He aroused some where about fifty years of age, with a considerable affluence of hair, already about him. The shoulders of his crown was scrupulously concealed by combing the long straggling locks across over it, and his allusions were to the days when he was a real beauty, which turned a man's hair grey in the very prime of boyhood. He had never left the regiment, but gradually cloned his way up from a lieutenancy to be its senior captain; he had, however, lost the gaudy which had made him so much liked and reported in the first traits of his youthful. That was the colonel of when I saw him ten days ago presiding at mess. His times were delicious to listen to. The music of five hundred Irishmen distilled into one, is a pretty fair comparison, but not a faint idea of his fine rich Tipperary,—and all so softened by the delightful gradual subsidence of the wine, that by my honor, a story, without his tones to tell it with, was almost all its value. When the bottles began their journey, one needed hobbies commencement; but after one or two roundtee bumpers, my attention was attracted by a conversation at the foot of the table.

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"'Oh, then, my dear Miss M'Scrae, you're just the sort of creature I wanted—I've a post chaise at the door.'

"'Indeed!'

"'Yes, indeed, my charmer, and a pair of pistols in it too.'

"'Indeed!' again replied the lady, looking very conscious all the time.

"'Aye! and a sweetheart in this ball room that will go off with me to Gretna Green this night.'

"'Indeed!'

"'Hear me—and who is the happy lucky?'

"'Ah! who the divil should it be, but you yer own self, Miss M'Scrae?'

"'Me, sir?' said the lady, endeavoring to blush 'are you serious? Ye should na rally so!' and she gave him another look.

"'The divil take all trifles of the sort—I'm serious, my darling, and I'll prove it—will ye have me, Miss M'Scrae?'

"'Hud we no better wait till we've had the supper, sir? Ye know we've just fell in the turkey.'

"'Faith, sir,' there's some sense in that; and will you be ridely the moment after?'

"'Why, my lady blushed, and looked her consent, and Jack gave it captures all but time of supper, meditating on the four lakes and the river, and the seventy-five thousand acres of land. Supper was then announced, and a new dance formed, in which he by no means neglected either the chaperone or his partner, whispered into her ear, that he would be ridely any sweet Sibilla' the heiress must be tired waiting.

"'Word, sweet ye insent upon't, I'm all ready.'

"'Indeed!—only my shawl is in the lodd's robing room.'

"'Is it, faith!' said Jack; 'then I'll go for it myself.' He was back with the spot of seventy-five thousand across and over, and without uttering any observation, handed her into one of the four wheeled chaises in the yard, and rattled off as fast as the horses could gallop.

Soon after this the old sugar merchant and all his train began to take their departure. Jack waited to hand them to their carriage, but the little fat old woman, his wife, came rushing into the room, asking up such a terrible fuss about—"Oh! my dear sir—Oh! my dear!—Oh! my dear!—Oh! my dear!" Some body has taken off my shawl—real lugg—worth eighty guineas every shilling—there's a thief in the room!—only think!"

"Every thing was thrown into the greatest confusion, and the company was disturbed from his seat such an uproar in yer lives. At last, it was discovered, when every lady had taken her own shawl, that the only one missing was that which had been worn by Miss Sibilla M'Scrae. That lady herself were nowhere to be found; search was made for her every where in vain. The little fat woman stormed out of the door, practising for a tradition.

"'This comes,' she cried, 'of having beggarly people's daughters to stay in one's house. I'm surprised she could come to so good ever since she has been so intimate with the potinary's boy.'

"'Potinary's boy!' said Jack; 'is this the son and a yoke entirely—I must be after Jack,' so I slipt away from the confusion, got into a post-chaise and four, and set off in pursuit of O'Farrell, hoping to overtake him in time to save him from marrying an heiress without a penny, who had run away with the son of a man who had a million. Information had been given that the lady was seen stepping into a post-chaise, accompanied by a tall man in a cloak, with very red whiskers and the appearance of Jack. Away I went after Mrs. Farley—that wretch has stolen my lady shawl, and gone off with the potinary's boy—I know him by his description—for hurt to me I'll be a courier as unchased at inquence a pound.' Nothing would satisfy her rage but instantly giving chase, that the said shawl was found. I could not help laughing at the ludicrous distress of the lady, and the shawl, that she said was of such value, was found to be a coarse flannel one, not worth five shillings. I offered to pay the damages, but the husband would not hear of it, so I gave it up.

"'Now, Colonel,' said Jack, 'you must go with us to York—there's no stay-at-home.'

"'Yes—and you must go with us to York—there's no stay-at-home.'

"'Come, come, no nonsense, master,' said the man; 'you know well enough what we be come for—I darsay—did ye ever hear of one Mr. Fanby, sir?'

"'Oh!' said Jack, 'so ye're come about that, are ye? An' he'll stop us from going on to the end of our journey?'

"'Yes—back you must go with us to York—there's no stay-at-home.'

"'Oh, if—if—he has a warrant—I'll pay all yer charges—ye may stop here and eat and drink like a couple of sorporais—but this very day I'll find my way into Scotland still step into possession of a snug little farm of a thousand acres, besides his share of the four lakes and river. Now, wasn't that a narrow escape from the Majesty?'

"'Yes—and now, Colonel,' said we all in a breath, 'tell us your adventure.'

Colonel O'Connor sighed, and shook his head. 'No, no, my lads—not another word to-night—I'll keep mine for some other occasion. In the meantime, pass round the bottle, and keep them constantly moving.'

The Quakeress Bride.

Will not on the baths of the noble and proud.
Where fashion assembles to be glittering crowd.
Where all are in search of some pleasure or mirth
Were the sagacity perfection of the north quaker be?

Nor yet on the bought those rules which she took.
When off in her prim dress she shed the fair bride.
To whom the dress soon who is that fair shed maid?

The budding was modest, yet seated to flow
Below where the pomp of religion is done.
Whose presence is not to some tongue is known.
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

There knew all wanted, save to modesty dead
The whatsoever was inside in her pure mind.
Her fashion confess'd in the garment of grace
Yet fair as the lily just piled from the stem.

A poor pastor's daughter, in fair dress studied eye,
And her modest look did it a triumphant sigh.
Made in love to be light of form in the garment of truth
And how like the action which is a pure weight and speak

But in all the array of the traditional scene.
Naught serves to excite the interest in all scene.
No language to fills the heart to engage.
Is a perfect countenance? Could I am found.

Globe Bond, Philadelphia, N. Y.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Poetry. I will accompany you on the poker and tongs
Shepherd. That one shall accompany—for you're not only a
poet, but a musician. Poetry. Yes, I am a musician in the sense
in which a song thrush is a musician—a creature that has in
his bosom an instrument on which he plays what nature
pleases, and which he can neither improve nor alter. I
play on no instrument—and can make no music but
what is poetry and song.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

I am not known as a lover of Music. I seldom praise the player upon an instrument, or the singer of a song. I attend both of the latter, and feel no nearness in my heart, without hearing it audibly with no feet, or moving my head visibly in a pretence shakiration. There are those who do not listen at all; and it may be that the mood is not in me, or that the spell of it is mastered by Beauty, or that I hear a human voice whose heart it answers than it does all. There are some who are said to have a passion for Music, and they will turn away at the beginning of a song, though it be only a child's lament, and hear gazing on an eye that was, perhaps, like shaded water, of the forehead of a beautiful woman, or the lip of a young girl, be lasted. I remember that my love of Music is so strong I confess that there are things I know that are often an occasion, though no other, to hear it

lag, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are to eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the implied piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the invisible holiness of the time, the mellow cadences of a church-bell give to the heads of a country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

Yet, after all, whose ear was ever "filled with hearing," or whose "eye with seeing?" Full as the world is of music—crowded as life is with beauty which appears, in its mysterious relationship, our widest dreams of faculty and skill—gorgeous as is the everrising and sample sky, and deep and universal as the harmonies are which are wandering perpetually in the atmosphere of this spacious and beautiful world—who has ever heard music and not felt a capacity for better? or seen beauty, or grandeur, or delicate causing, without a feeling in his inmost soul of unsatisfied and unsatisfied emeeptions! I have gazed on the dazzling loveliness of Woman till the value of my whole existence seemed pressed into that one moment of sight; and I have listened to music till my heart seemed my brain—and then thrilled—yet, when I had turned away, I wished that the beauty of the woman had been perfecter; and my ear panted for the immortal testament of that dying music, with an impatient feeling that its spell was unfinished. I used to wonder, when I was a boy, how it happened that that world it was not enough for his capacities, and that his soul, therefore, was immortal. It is no marvel to me now.

AGNES MOLESWORTH.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth, in look and mind. Her beauty was the beauty of expression, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on an expression of little on color. Thus could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the purity of her finely grained complexion, the softness of her deep gray eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely modelled features, and the may cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were, of course, perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome; and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the stern simplicity of her taste and manner which might distinguish one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and inexact showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste of character as the outward show seemed to indicate. Both were true, gentle good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high purpose; had abandoned dressing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performance, as compared with the works of real artists: reserved her musical talk not entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much zeal into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and she was only saved from becoming a pedant, by her almost exclusive devotion in the very great to poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton and to Shakspeare. These traits she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manner; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how much his beautiful daughter would become a convert.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. A single, wise, retired, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet question,—Are you tired of me? do you wish me away? had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside, for the moment, the soliloquy of his nature, even in this, his favorite child.

"O Jessy, with all my youthful attractions, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond—Bootha, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a young relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor of his business and fortunes. A clever, a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of the object chosen, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as providing considerately for Jessy, in all loved loan the privilege of making, as to lawyer, picture he used to boast, "an elder son" of Agnes. Who would be miss marriage of her youngest sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the country. He had even, in his own mind elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favor of whose reported addresses for the proposal had not yet been made, gentle care and great care further than attentions, he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as in all others, man is born to disappointment. "*Homme propose, Dieu disposes*," is never truer than in the great matter of marriage. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who,—Jessy having arrived at the age of cognizance, and Charles at the age of two-and-twenty,—offered his pride, his daughter and the lucrative partnership, to his pennyless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy but could not carry her home in loved another! And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undeserved by his unctuous patron, who left him in confusion—of wrath and increased perplexity.

That interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in the splendid conservatory—a scene likely to be becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. *Jessy was flitting* about like a butterfly among fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums, as Agnes stood, ing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her whole dress, and the graceful arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she moved about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at a country town.

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little fat. To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four long hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tire some it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little acerbity in her manner, arising from Wilfrid, disregarded the said. But the barricade was too compulsive, he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the moment I pounced Jessy; "he more they called routes: Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except the guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening." Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound: and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasanter music resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing him recite the verse of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly toward them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good natured, "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent, "refused it in my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Only wondering pity," replied Jessy, "I am much more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I could not for a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done. But I'm sorry for the ginger ran, declaring that she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his suite, and expected them every minute."

The father and daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes, "but has he really refused me?"

"Absolutely."

"And done he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh, my child! he must! what woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has considered my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared to be collecting the firmness of a Cape penitence, and watering a favorite geranium, but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not leave her father's side till she had poured it forth. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expressions of her countenance, and began, in her concentration,

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maiden like to say so much, but although you have never in words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your kind partiality toward me has designated for your children. I have made love me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next in imagining, I could be happy in splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions for our wealthy and title-d neighbor. And with some regret I tell you that your arrangements may still, for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy and Jessy him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affections or his until he Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with her destiny. And let me live with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no other thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and lighten your declining years, and to not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and devote myself to your own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the myrtle basin, whose water reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue, to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

Wilfrid put the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?"

Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her reflection in the water at this very moment: for he had the extreme presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest: do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Oh do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Jessy, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around my heart, pretty!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together! I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together."

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that Cupid had conferred better for Mr. Molesworth than he had contributed for himself; both sons-in-law gentlemen and her title, and her liquorice, was the very thing to visit her a day; but Agnes and the woman, whose noble character, and splendid talents no one could but laud, under the pride and the happiness of his house.

A Gothamite Lake to Mount Cassino.

A writer in the Troy Morning Mail gives the following notice of a remarkable pond in Saratoga county, N. Y.:

"White Lake is situated about one mile west of the Pauline hill, in the town of Stillwater. It is nearly circular, and about one-third of a mile in diameter; and has no visible inlet or outlet, yet is a never failing stream of considerable magnitude. The name is derived from its appearance. Viewed from a little distance, it seems of a white, whitewash, except a few reds in the centre, which, by the contrast, appears perfectly black. The appearance of water itself is similar enough, but the cause is still more remarkable. From the centre, or dark portion of the lake, at stated seasons, immense quantities of shells are thrown up, of various sizes and forms, but all perfectly white. These float to the shore, and are thrown out upon the beach, or sink in the shallow water. Hundreds of bushels might be gathered from the shore, after one of these periodical uprisings; and the whole is used, for several rods on every side of the lake, is composed entirely of these shells broken or decomposed by the action of the weather. In the centre of the lake, before has never been found, although a line has been sounded to the depth of several hundred feet.

"Where, then, is the grand deposite from which has been welling up, since the memory of man, these countless myriads of unmanned shells? It is not possible that, though far remote, and at an elevation of several hundred feet above them, this testimonies will may, by some subterranean communication, be connected with the great shell-mail deposits in the western part of the State?"

Saturday Evening Post.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1841.

☞ The Post, under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the *family journal*. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall be the aim of the Post to be the chord of intimate harmony universal for the growth of a virtuous thought:—Virtuous in Theatres, as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—or receives of exhibitions disagreeable to modesty; and fearfully pernicious in fact.

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☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

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☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the two publications that suit them best, send the mail, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address.

Notice.

The St. Louis Gazette is informed, that no *circulars* are sent by the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post to any of their subscribers. If they do not get the end of the year they are stopped, and legal measures taken to recover the money.

The circulars received in that city are sent by Mr. S. C. Atkinson, the former proprietor of this paper, who having sold his entire interest in the establishment more than two months since, and stopped and delinquent subscribers found on the old books. No circular is suffered to be sent—by the strict terms of agreement—to any subscriber upon our list, who still receives the paper from us. We deem this notice necessary to prevent misunderstanding, and to set the Gazette right.

GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO.

Agriculture.

The prospects of the farmer for the coming season, are unusually promising, not only in the condition of crops immediately in our vicinity, but, as far as we can learn from our contemporaries, in every quarter of this vast and extended country. Amid the universal distress which has long like the darkness of Egypt upon the land, it is cheering to hail this first dawning of light in the morn of the better day. The fetters of trade, manufactures and navigation are fast giving way to the entire extremity of our nation; in fact too, agriculture, that it should be so, in order to preserve a just equipoise in the community, but the vast slopes and broad plains of commerce, in fact too, necessary that the agricultural population, without which not only must they remain a desert, but the sustenance of all the other classes of the empire be left destitute and helpless.

The distress in the commercial and manufacturing portions of our community, has not been without its influence in *forcing* it here for agriculture. Within the last four years, the rage for luxury has risen almost into a madness, and extravagance has been piled upon extravagance until it become could endure the pressure. To sustain this passion, the extravagance of fine had not overgrown their fortunes. The temptation of Thomas Mailer is sufficient to secure purchasers for this work, but in addition to the above the long and popular articles of the Secretaries of the tale, would render the novel interesting, were nothing but the dry details of industry and economy. Mr. Ellsworth has a pretty piece of poetry, and Mr. Sigourney is at home on "Primary Schools." The "Lines written on Reading" by Mrs. H. Jewett are good: "To My Wife" by Seba Smith is a true heart-piece; and "The Widow's Charge" is a beautiful thing; but who, pray Mr. Godey, perpetrated that rhyme—for it is nothing else—called "Bonnets?"

"Lady Jane Grey," or *Historical Romance*. By Thomas Miller, author of *Fair Rosamond*, etc. *Cadet, Philobiblion, Leo & Blanchard*. The reputation of Thomas Miller

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ W. C. McCormick, of *Hollidaysburg, Pa.* will act as agent for the Post and Casket. Subscribers in that vicinity will please bear this in mind. He is an old and tried friend, and will do justice to all parties. 3t

☞ J. A. Hall, Esq. of Warren, Pa. will please accept our thanks for the prompt and efficient manner he has attended to the interests of this paper. He will please continue to act as agent. 3t

☞ S. J. Thomas, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. is agent for that city. Subscribers for the Post and Casket will please bear this in mind. 3t

☞ S. J. Thomas, Esq. is authorised to act as agent for the Post and Casket at Charleston, S. C.

☞ W. W. Billings, of Washington city, D. C. is NOT an agent for the present proprietors of this paper. 3t

Two Missionaries Killed and Eaten by Savages!

Through the kindness of a gentleman in this city we are permitted to publish an extract from a letter just received by him, containing the heart-rending intelligence that two missionaries in New Zealand have shared the fate of Lyman and Munson!

Sydney, N. S. Wales, Dec. 1st, 1839.

"The Missionary brig "Camden" left Upolu the day before our ship sailed, and arrived here last evening, bringing news that two of the missionaries who sailed in her, during a visit to the island of Ewomango, one of the New Hebrides, were *killed and eaten* by the natives. They were Messrs. Williams and Harris; I knew them both at Upolu, Mr. Williams quite intimately; he was a highly intelligent and gentlemanly man, and one of the most indefatigable of all Christian missionaries. He is the author of a very valuable work on the South Sea Islands; a third gentleman, not a missionary, Mr. Cunningham, who was with them at the time, escaped by flight, and I have the painful intelligence from his own lips. Mr. Harris was in ill health and could not make his escape, while Mr. Williams was rather advanced in life. Mr. Cunningham who heard the war cry raised, turned and saw Mr. Harris pursued by the savages; in an instant after, he saw him fall, pierced through with many spears. Mr. C. then urged Mr. Williams to run for the boat which was at some distance. The latter misunderstood him and ran into the water to swim off to the brig, but was overtaken and murdered, Mr. Cunningham with difficulty reached the boat and made his escape. Such are some of the perils to which the missionary is exposed. I thought the facts might interest you, and have written them most briefly. The Lord preserve and bless you. As the letter bag is on the point of closing I can add no more.

It may be well to add, that Mr. Cunningham attributes his own preservation to the fact, that a stone thrown by him struck the foremost savage, and so retarded him in the pursuit that Mr. C. had time to reach his boat. In great haste,

Yours, affectionately."

These unfortunate missionaries were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and the vessel spoken of in the letter was one employed in its service. We published some time last year, an account of the embarkation of Mr. Williams and a number of others under his direction, for an expedition among those Islands. He has been greatly distinguished by his indefatigable exertions, and has at last fallen in the cause which he has long and faithfully served.

We would cherish the hope that this intelligence may yet prove to be incorrect; but the source through which it comes, leaves us no room to doubt, and we are compelled to spread it, painful as it is, before our readers. The consolation is, that, the Lord God Omnipotent reigns. In these mysterious and trying events he has his own most wise and holy purposes to answer, and when two fall he can raise up more to stand in their lot and be "baptised for the dead." The American church may not feel this affliction as keenly as when her own sons were the victims of heathen rage, but her sympathies ought to be awakened and her prayers more fervently offered for those who have taken their lives in their hands and gone to the ends of the earth.

Occupation of Oregon.

The following joint resolution was recently reported to the Senate by Mr. Linn, Chairman of the Select Committee in the Oregon Territory.

Joint resolution to authorise the adoption of measures for the occupation and settlement of the Territory of Oregon.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon is certain and will not be abandoned.

That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, authorised to take immediate measures to have the boundaries of the United States on the Pacific frontier ascertained and fixed, and in the mean time to take such measures as may be necessary to protect the persons and property of our citizens residing or trading in the Territory of Oregon.

That the President of the United States is hereby authorised to cause to be erected at suitable places and distances a line of military posts from Fort Leavenworth to the Rocky Mountains, for the better protection and encouragement of the Indian trade, and for the preservation of peace between the whites and Indians.

That as soon as the boundaries of the Oregon Territory are indisputably determined, one thousand acres of land shall be granted to every white male inhabitant of said Territory, of the age of eighteen years and upward, who shall cultivate and use the same for five consecutive years, or to his heir or heirs at law, if such there be.

That the President is hereby authorised to appoint an additional Indian agent, whose duty it shall be (under his direction and control) to superintend the interests of the United States with any or every Indian tribe west of any agency now established by law.

That the sum of   dollars be appropriated out of any money in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to carry into effect the foregoing resolution.

Doctor Parrish.—The late eminent Dr. Parrish of Philadelphia was afflicted early in life with a disease of the lungs commonly called consumption, but by great care, frequent exercise in the open air, and strict temperance, he succeeded in arresting its ravages, and restoring the lungs to a healthful state. He occasionally alluded to his early disease, and stated his conviction that his lungs had cicatrized; and accordingly, in compliance with his request, his body was opened and the result appeared as he foretold it. Not only was the Doctor affected with ulceration of the lungs, and all the symptoms of phthisis, but he was constitutionally disposed to the disease and had lost a brother and sister by its ravages. He did not despair, and without leaving the city of Philadelphia, whose cold winters are proverbial, and without the use of medicine, he recovered from the attack. This case ought to speak volumes to the invalid, who is too apt, when he find his lungs are affected, to give up in despair.

GENERAL NEWS.

Appointment of Married Men in the Army.—The War Department, as we learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle, has passed, among other regulations respecting the appointment in the army of persons from civil life, one stating that no candidate will be examined who is married. The necessity of young officers being constantly in the field with their companies, the want of accommodations in the small quarters of a garrison for a family, and the inadequacy of the pay of the officer to support more than himself, are the reasons assigned for the adoption of the regulation.

Bridging the Mississippi.—They talk at St. Louis of erecting a magnificent bridge over the Mississippi, opposite that city. The bridge to be three thousand feet long from bank to bank, supported by wire cables, to have two piers and three arches, to be elevated above high water mark forty five feet, so as to admit of a passage underneath for the tallest steamboat, and to cost between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars.

Inquests in New York.—An inquest was held in New York on Friday week, on the body of a seaman, named Edward Rye, a native of England, who was accidentally drowned while intoxicated. The body of a man, supposed to be Andrew Hickey, was found floating in the river. A child, three years of age, named Josephine Loser, was burnt to death on Friday by her clothes taking fire accidentally.

Robbing a Father.—A young man named T. Cheek, was recently brought up at the Louisville police court, for breaking open his father's trunk, and stealing over two thousand dollars. He had an accomplice named Haines, who is probably the notorious Doctor of that name. We suppose that, as usual, the two fellows have taken the well known degree G. T. T.—gone to Texas.

New Invention.—A man in Troy, N. Y. has invented a machine to plane shingles, after they have been sawed out. It is said that a considerable advantage is gained by planing them, as the smooth surface thus formed prevents the water from penetrating into the wood, which causes it to decay rapidly. The planing machine can furnish the shingles as fast as two saws can turn them out. This improvement deserves notice.

Attempted Suicide.—The officers attempted to execute a search warrant, in New York, on Friday, in a case of suspected robbery. Jonas Lindenburger, one of the individuals suspected of committing the robbery complained of, cut his throat with a case knife, and was immediately removed to the hospital by the officers.

From Florida.—Information reached Black Creek on the 16th ult. by express from Fort Fanning, that on the 13th as an ambulance was returning from Fort Griffin, escorted by a non-commissioned officer and six privates, (regulars) it was attacked by a party of about fifteen Indians, the four mules were killed, and the ambulance burnt.

Melancholy Accident.—A. H. Wetherby, a ship news reporter for the New Orleans papers, accidentally fell from the third story window of the Bulletin office, on the 16th ult. and was killed. Mr. Wetherby was an amiable, upright man, active and intelligent in his profession, and universally esteemed by all who knew him.

Mr. Clayton's Trip over the Mountains.—Mr. Clayton, the great balloon man, is in the city, and we understand he will in a few days ascend in a balloon, called the "Erie Mail Packet," and endeavor to cross the mountains in his flight—of which due notice will be given.—*Harris' Pittsburg Intel.*

Distressing Accident.—A few days since, a son of Mr. John Wheeler, of Preston county, Va. was terribly mangled by being thrown from a horse. His foot became entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged about two miles, striking against trees, stumps, &c. He died in about five minutes.

Good Luck.—A little boy eight years old, in Bridgport, Conn. fell on the 10th ult. into a well 23 feet deep, with 7 feet of water, and sustained little or no injury. He kept his head above the water by extending his feet out against the stones, till a pole was presented him, to which he clung till drawn out. He was a lucky little fellow.

Puritanic Item.—In the year 1661, an inhabitant of Ipswich, residing in a distant part of the town, having absented himself from public worship, his farm was sold by order of the General Court, that he might live nearer the sanctuary, and be able more conveniently to attend upon its religious services.

Acquitted.—Robert W. Allen was tried in the Circuit Court, at Baltimore, last week, on a charge of having, in connection with others, equipped and sent out from Baltimore a vessel called the Catharine, knowing her to be intended for the slave trade. The trial terminated in an acquittal.

An L. L. D.—The Ex-Lieutenant of Austrian Dragoons, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, is the prodigy of the age. So rapid has been his progress in learning since his arrival in England, that the University of Oxford has seen fit to confer on him the degree of a Doctor of Civil Law.

Steady Employment and Regular Wages.—Rev. Isaac Braham, says the Salem Gazette, has officiated as pastor of the Congregational Society in Georgetown, in this county, forty-three years. His salary has ever been three hundred dollars and twelve cords of wood per annum.

Leading Off.—The First Arrival at Baltimore of the Pennsylvania canal boats, took place on Saturday. They were towed from Havre de Grace by the steamboat Patapsco, and were laden with flour, wheat, &c.

Emigration.—Probably 50,000 emigrants will leave Europe for America this season, among whom are 6000 Irishmen from Limerick, 10,000 Prussians, &c. &c.

Mysterious Death.—A married woman, named Susan Curran, died in New York on Thursday night while under the effects of an emetic. It is suspected that she was poisoned.

Early Fruit.—Green peas and strawberries brought from Norfolk, were sold in the Baltimore market on Saturday, the former at one dollar per peck, and the latter at 75 cents per quart.

Crops.—The prospect of the Maryland grain and fruit crop is very encouraging. It is feared, however, that the peaches will prove somewhat limited in extent.

Limbless Lady.—There is a woman exhibiting in Washington, who has neither arms nor legs, but is capable of moving her chair from one place to another by means of her body.

Imprisonment for Debt.—The bill abolishing imprisonment for debt for non-resident debtors has passed both branches of the Legislature of New York.

Great Business.—Nearly four thousand dollars were received at Rochester, N. Y. for canal tolls, during the two first days of the opening of the navigation.

Light Draught.—The new iron steamboat on the Mississippi, when loaded with one hundred and fifty tons of freight, draws only four feet of water.

Value of Sugar Estates.—The memorial to Congress, of the Sugar Planters of Louisiana, states that there are now in operation 525 sugar estates, valued at fifty-two millions of dollars.

Railroad Accident.—James Patterson, was knocked off the top of a rail road car by a bridge in Marietta, Pa. and run over by 11 cars, severing both his legs off below the knees.

Tumbled in the River.—A man while drunk fell from the mast head of a vessel in the East river, at New York, on Thursday night. He was drowned.

Fire in Charleston.—A fire broke out in Charleston on the night of the 17th, two houses were burnt and two partly. All insured.

Earthquake.—A shock of an earthquake was felt in Plymouth county, (Mass.) last week.

Mississippians Going to India to Raise Cotton.—A late Natchez paper has published facts of some interest to the cotton planters in the United States. It appears that the British Government last year appropriated sixty thousand dollars for the purpose of obtaining the necessary information, machinery and operations for improving the cultivation of cotton in British India. An English agent, sent to visit Mississippi and Louisiana, has succeeded in hiring eight Mississippians and one Louisianian, who are to proceed without delay to India, and, on their arrival there, each one to take charge of a cotton plantation, which may serve as models for those of the natives. These Americans are to carry with them cotton gins, as well as plantation tools and husbandry, of the most approved patterns known or used in the Southern States.

Holmes, the Murderer.—Dr. Holmes, the murderer, recently demanded from Vermont by the Canadian authorities, is described to be a man under the dominance of extraordinary and evil passions. He was a physician in Canada, seduced and ran away with the wife of a neighbor, then returned murdered her husband while pretending to convey him to his lost wife, and buried the body in the snow. The deed has been proved. He even confesses and boasts of it; yet, through the interpretation of the law, by the Executive and the officials of Vermont, the villain goes unhanged to perpetrate some new act of foul atrocity.

Too Many Passengers.—The British bark Royal Adelaide, which arrived last week, at New York, with 195 passengers, had process of libel issued against her, on the ground that she brought more passengers than is allowed to a vessel of her tonnage—the law limiting vessels to carry but two passengers to every five tons. The penalty for a breach of the law is $150 for every passenger carried over and above the number limited by law; and if the number amounts to twenty, the vessel becomes forfeited.

The Trial of Newman.—Edgar P. Newman, of this city, the young man who, in a fit of jealousy, shot a man who was conversing with a lady he was attached to, last January, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, and who declared when he did it, that David Paul Brown's eloquence could clear him, was tried at Chestertown last Tuesday. He plead insanity, but the jury convicted him of murder in the second degree, and he was sentenced on Saturday last to 18 years in the Maryland Penitentiary.

Pennsylvania Bituminous Coal.—The Baltimore American of Saturday last states, that supplies of this coal are expected in that market in a few days by the Tide Water Canal. This is a new item of trade, and no doubt will become an important one.

It is in this way that the resources of Pennsylvania, when fully developed, will make other sections of country tributary to her, possessing as she does, inexhaustible mines of coal and iron ore, extensive forests, and abundance of grain.

Enlarging a Canal.—The great Erie Canal is to be enlarged. It is at present 40 feet wide on the surface, and 28 feet bottom. It will be altered to 70 feet wide on the surface, and 42 on the bottom, and 7 feet deep, with double locks 18 feet wide and 110 feet long. The number of lift locks now, will be reduced to 74. Upward of 3700 boats are registered in the Comptrollers' office, employing a force of near 10,000 men. The cost of enlarging is estimated at $23,402,863-02, or $64,010 per mile.

The Jews.—Important if True.—A Hamburg paper, the Dorpzeitung, says, "the Jews of Constantinople have, with their Rabbis, declared that they will not wait any longer than another year for their Messiah. If, within that time, he does not appear, they will conclude that he is already come, and then they will try to discover by what religion he is already recognised. The Rabbis is entirely of this opinion, and has even proposed to his congregation to profess Christianity forthwith."

Mallory Acquitted.—B. W. Mallory was examined before the Mayor on the charge implicating him in the fraud by which funds of the Bank of Virginia were embezzled, and acquitted. Many witnesses gave evidence in the case. Counsel for the defence Messrs. B. W. Leigh, James Lyons, and Robert G. Scott; for the prosecution none.

Accident.—On Friday morning, whilst some men were employed hoisting molasses in the store of Mr. D. Hustace, 190 Front street, New York, a barrel slipped from the box-hooks in the third story, and struck one of the clerks who was on the ground floor, upon the head, and nearly killed him. A surgeon was immediately sent for, but there are very little hopes of his recovery.

Awful.—Miss Rodah Crease, upward of twenty years of age, the daughter of Mr. Daniel Crease, near Cape May Court House, N. J. was found suspended in her father's garret, last Friday morning, where it was thought she had hung herself the afternoon or evening previous; she was a young woman of good character, and had not been suspected of being insane.

Revival in Baltimore.—There have been admitted to the various churches in Baltimore, within the last few months, 3121 persons. Of these, about 2000 united with the Methodist churches.—We are certainly glad to note this evidence of the progress of moral feeling.

Accident on the North River.—Soon after the departure of the steamer Napoleon, on Thursday afternoon, for Albany, she was run into by a sloop, and one man, a passenger, crushed to death. Neither the sloop nor the steamer were materially injured.

Late from Western Africa.—The brig Herald arrived at Salem on Tuesday from the West coast of Africa. The H. left Cape St. Paul on the 23d of February. Among the passengers we observe the name of "Edward S. Byron, from the Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas."

Horrible.—Samuel Sarton, returning lately from a distillery in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Miss. in company with his brother James, got into a dispute with the latter, which ended by James cutting the throat of Samuel, and then dashing out the brains of the murdered brother.

Wreck.—The schooner Emblem, was fallen in with, bottom upward, and towed into Key West. Two watches and several trunks, one of which it is said, belonged to Mr. Judah, were found on board.

Thunder Storm.—A thunder gust, of extraordinary violence, passed over Savannah on the 19th ult. A dwelling house in the city, and two ships in the harbor, were struck by the lightning. They were but slightly damaged.

Killed.—John Edwards, a worthy miner, was killed on Thursday week, in Bennet & Taylor's workings, at Minersville. A fall of coal thrust him between two props and crushed him to death.

Right.—The engineer, Wetsel, who ran a locomotive over a boy at New Orleans, has been found guilty of murder. We want a few such jurors as those who convicted him every where.

The Coal Trade.—The coal transportation business has commenced at Mauch Chunk in good earnest. Upward of 2000 tons have been shipped already this season.

Newspaper Union.—The Journal of Commerce and the New York Gazette are united. The marriage ceremony took place on Friday morning—yesterday.

Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad.—The road between York and Wrightsville has been completed.

Hail.—Hail stones fell at Albany on Sunday last, as large as hens' eggs.

Family Jars.—A Mr. Kirby was arrested in Baltimore on Monday for assaulting his family.

Building in Boston.—About 100 houses are going up at Boston at the present time.

Green Peas.—Green Peas are selling in Baltimore markets at 75 cents a peck.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

Appointments by the President—*By and with the advice and consent of the Senate:*

William Marvin, to be Judge of the United States for the Southern District of Florida.

Vinton Butler, of Florida, to be District Attorney of the U. S. for the District of West Florida, in the place of George Walker, resigned.

J. G. Searcy, to be Marshal of the U. S. for the Middle District of Florida, in the place of S. W. Duvall, deceased.

Charles F. Ryan, to be Consul of the U. S. for the port of Copenhagen, in the place of Charles J. Hambro, resigned.

James E. Freeman, of New York, to be Consul of the U. S. for the port of Ancona, in the Roman States.

Charles S. Wallach, of the State of Ohio, to be Consul of the U. S. for the port of Matagorda, in the Republic of Texas, in the place of John A. Monges, deceased.

Wade H. Greening, Register of the Land Office at Sparta, Alabama, from 14th May, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Surveyors of the Revenue.—Nathan Bardin, Bristol, Rhode Island, vice Allen Wardwell, deceased.

Virginia Election Law.—According to the laws of Virginia, an elector can vote once for members of the House of Delegates in every county in which he owns a freehold, and also for State Senator, provided he does not vote more than once for Senator in any one District; while in the choice of Presidential Electors, the only officers ever elected by a general ticket throughout the State, no man can vote more than once.

Virginia Election.—The latest returns from Virginia state that 67 Whigs have been elected and 46 Democrats. Last year the same district sent 64 Whigs and 49 Democrats. Whig nett gain, 3. Twenty delegates to be heard, from, who last year stood twelve administration and eight opposition.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The North-east Boundary Question.—In the course of a debate in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell alluded to the Boundary Question, and said there were two separate and distinct questions involved in these discussions with the United States. The first had reference to the boundary, and the other to the agreement which had been entered into pending the negociations; and he did not think that, either on the general question, or on the question of agreement, a serious quarrel would take place; nor did he in the least degree anticipate that the harmony of the two countries was likely to be interrupted. The Governments of both countries were too sensible of the advantages of peace to wish for its termination, and both were perfectly convinced that there was nothing in the boundary question which could not be amicably arranged, if both parties were determined to abide by the principles.

Our side in motion.—Col. Pierce, the able commander of the First Regiment of Artillery, who has served with distinction in the Florida war, as well as in the late war with Great Britain, arrived in Boston on Wednesday morning, with a battalion of his Regiment, in eight days march from Plattsburgh, N. Y. on his way to the Maine frontier. He had lost none of his command either by sickness or desertion.

Judge White.

The Nashville Whig contains the following sketch of the life of this lamented statesman.

Judge White was born in Iredell county, N. Carolina, in 1773 and numbered at his death *sixty-seven years.* His father, James White, emigrated to Knox county, East Tennessee, when the State was yet a part and parcel of North Carolina and familiary and not inappropriately known as the "Wilderness." Hugh L. White at the age of 19, volunteered in the Indian campaigns of the country, and served, faithfully, as a citizen soldier in the field, the infant commonwealth which he afterward so ably represented in the Senate. His education he received at a time when scholarship was almost unknown in the wild west, and when the plain but substantial elements of an English education were the only acquired qualifications which the stirring character of the times and the limited means of the hardy pioneer would suffer a young man to enjoy. In 1794-5, Judge W. visited Philadelphia, where he completed a course of mathematics, preparatory to entering professional life, and in '95 spent some time in the law office of James Hopkins at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In 1796 he returned to Tennessee and commenced the practice of the law at Knoxville.

In this profession he was laborious and faithful, and made jurisprudence his especial pride and pleasure. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that he should have been elevated to the bench at an early age. In 1801 he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, which station he held until 1807. In 1808 he was made U. S. District Attorney, and in 1809 elected to the State Senate, where he distinguished himself by remodelling the land laws of the state. About this time the Supreme Court of the State was established, and without his solicitation (and during his absence from the Seat of Government) he was again placed on the bench. His reported opinions are said, by the profession, to be marked by great strength and perspicuity of reasoning, and won for him, at the time, an enviable name as a sound and inflexible jurist.

In 1815, Judge White resigned his seat on the bench, and for a number of years, devoted his chief attention to the interests of the State Bank of Tennessee, of which institution he was the President. In 1817 he was again elected to the Senate, and in 1820 received from President Monroe an appointment as one of the Commissioners to adjust the claims under the Spanish Treaty. In 1824 he declined a seat on the Supreme Bench, and in 1825 was first elected to the Senate of the United States, where he remained until his late resignation.

Later from Texas.

The steam packet Neptune, at New Orleans, 16th inst. from Galveston, brings news from Houston and Galveston to the 8th and 13th. The Civilian of the 12th says:—By the steamer Dayton, which arrived this morning from Houston, we have received intelligence that the Centralists, under Arista, and the Federalists, under Canales and Zapata, have had a bloody engagement near Mier, on the Rio Grande, in which the Federalists were totally routed, with great numbers killed and wounded, the exact number not being known. Those who escaped retreated in great confusion to San Antonio. The Centralists, in pursuit, were reported to be within one day's march of the town, and Col. Fisher, of the Texan army, in command of three companies, had despatched an express to the President for instructions as to the manner in which he should receive Canales. It is stated, but with what truth we know not, that a truce has been agreed upon with Mexico. Col. Fisher has only about one hundred and sixty men under his command; but it is believed that, with the assistance of the citizens of the town, he can hold out, if attacked, until three hundred troops, under Col. Burleson, can arrive from Austin, with the volunteers who would immediately fly to arms.

The Camanches.

We learn from the New Orleans Bulletin, that the messenger sent from San Antonio to the Camanches, after the slaughter of their chiefs, had not returned, although sufficient time had elapsed. It was apprehended they would murder their prisoners by way of retaliation. One of the prisoners, Mrs. Webster, who escaped and went into San Antonio a few days after the terrible slaughter, was twelve days, after leaving the Indians, wandering about before she reached a point of safety. She carried her child the whole time, and gleaned her subsistence from the fruit of the prickly pear, which abounds in those regions. Several times she saw marauding bands of the enemy, but contrived to elude them.

Napoleon's Prophecy.

The following almost prophetic language was used by Napoleon to Count Las Casas, during the exile of the emperor at St. Helena, and adds another case to that of Burke to prove that the sagacity, which great minds display in fathoming the future approaches often almost to inspiration.

"In less than twenty-five years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon to me, one day, as we stood viewing the sea from which overhung the road—"*the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed revolution;* until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty sovereigns—these Aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the order of nobles in France, but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge. The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves, in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the boors of Russia; you may live to see the time—but I shall be cold in my grave—when that colossal but ill-cemented empire will be split into as many sovereignties—perhaps Republics—as there are hordes or tribes which compose it.

After a few more reflections on the future prospect of Europe, his Majesty thus continued:

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelopes the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former example in any country, whilst it has, at the same time, insured as many fast and powerful friends to the government, as there are individuals who receive interest for that money, so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries. But, even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass, and blow the whole system to the devil! If this mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour; but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors, and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come.

"France, too, has got a debt. These Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next and future one. But I know the French people too well, to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. *I know that they have too much natural affection for their offspring to entail upon them a National Debt like that of England,* however artfully incurred.—No, no! my subjects are too sharp sighted; the property accumulated for their children, to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the *vielle cour des imbeciles, who now insult them!* They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me; they will recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by impost during the year; that my wars cost *France nothing*; that I left her not one Napoleon in debt; but that I enriched every corner of her territory. Such comparisons will not be very favorable to the Bourbons; *the French will cast them and their debts from their shoulders,* as my Arabian steed would any stranger who should dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne, amid the acclamations of the people; if he be not, *France will go back to a Republic;* for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield. *The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of other Bourbons, and will share the same fate,* if they do not chose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place."

Here the Emperor paused a few moments, then, waving his hand, he exclaimed in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration:

"France once more a Republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians will all join in the crusade for liberty! They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concessions of some of their rights, in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects; they will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves Constitutional Kings, possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death blow; like the thick mist on that ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty. The wheel of revolution will not stand still at that point, the impetus will be increased in a tenfold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When a people recover part of their rights, as men, they become elated with the victory they have achieved; and, having tasted the sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the States and principalities of Europe be in a continual state of turmoil and having in all directions, previous to the occurrence of an earthquake. At length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place—the lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelm kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interest as it flows."

The Rotary Power Stocking Loom.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier gives the following description of the powers and capacities of this machine, a notice of which was given a few days since.

It is a beautiful piece of machinery, occupying but about twenty inches square space, with motions quick and regular, with very little friction so that it must be durable. It is easily worked by hand, and is therefore well calculated for domestic purposes, as also for steam or water power.

The loom is superior to any apparatus for hosiery now known in this country or Europe, in as much as it knits, with equal facility, hard or soft twisted woollen yarn, cotton, or silk, and will with less hand power, produce four feet of hosiery for every one foot that can be produced by any other loom, and of a superior quality of fabric. It costs forty per cent. less than an English loom, is much less complicated, less liable to get out of order, and it will cost fifty per cent. less to keep it in repair.

The proper motion for the machine is forty revolutions per minute, although it may be driven fifty, without risk. Forty revolutions of one hundred strokes each, make three inches of stocking in length, in a minute, or fifteen feet per hour, so that each day of ten hours gives fifty yards of beautifully executed stocking-web. But apply power to the loom, and allow one girl to attend four only, although she may as well attend to six, and we have from one hand six hundred and fifty feet of web per day being four hundred and fifty feet more than four hands can produce upon four of the best English looms, within the same time.

Railroad Improvement.—The Baltimore American announces the discovery of a Mr. Herron, of that city, which it is thought, will obviate some of the defects in the present system of railroad construction. The desideratum sought in all railroads, is to form a *hard, smooth, and uniform level surface for the wheels to run on.* Mr. H. constructs that track, in a great measure, independent of the road-bed on which it rests, by uniting the whole materials of which it is composed in one simple, but strongly combined frame work, that effectually prevents the sinking at the joints and all lateral derangements whatever, either on the straight lines or on curves. The framing is said to be much stronger at the *joints* than elsewhere. The American declines giving a more minute description.

Specie.—The Havre packet Louis Philippe sailed from New York, on Friday, with $125,000 in specie.

Review of the Philadelphia Market, for the week ending April 30, 1840.

Remarks.—There is an increased activity visible among the grocers, but in Dry Goods the amount of business has been limited. Produce from the West is coming in more freely, and the stocks of Bacon, Pork, and Tobacco are on the increase. The operations since Saturday have been moderate.

Coffee.—Prices have not varied essentially, and the demand has been fair. Sales of 1500 bags Rio in lots at 10 to 12 cts; 200 Maracaybo 11¼, and 250 Laguyra at 11 a 11½ cts. per lb. 4 a 6 mos.

Cotton.—Demand moderate, and fine qualities are scarce. Sales of 300 bales, embracing Alabama and Tennessee at 7 to 9½ cts. and Upland 9 a 10 cts. per lb. cash and 4 mos.

Flour & Meal.—The Flour market has not varied materially in price, but the demand has become less active for export. The receipts still continue moderate and no stocks have accumulated. Sales for export—in the Delaware—front of the city at $4,94 and some at $4,97 per bbl for Pennsylvania, $5 for Brandywine, and $4,87 a $4,81 for Western via Pittsburg. Sales on Broad street at $4,87½ and some Western to-day at $4,81 a $4,75. Sales by retail at $4,87 to $5 for fair and good bakers brands. To-day we quote the wholesale price of Pennsylvania Flour at $4,94 on the Delaware and $4,87½ on Broad street and in the Schuylkill, and Western $4,87½ and soiled bbls. $4,81 a $4,75. Rye Flour is steady at $2,87½, with sales. Corn Meal—Sales of Pennsylvania at $2,62½. Brandywine $2,75. A sale in hhds at $13 for country meal.

Fish.—In Mackerel the sales [illegible] limited. Sales of Halifax Herring at $1 per bbl. By public sale to-day, 200 bbls. of Magdalen B. P. Herring were offered, and 20 bbls. sold at $2 per bbl. sale stopped. 40 bbls pickled Codfish sold at $1,50 to $2 cash.

Fruit.—A cargo of 3000 boxes Sicily oranges and Lemons were disposed of at a price not reported. Sales of 20 boxes Malaga Bunch Raisins at $1,50 per box.

Grain.—Towards the close of last week the sales of Wheat were large, but during the last two days the supplies have become moderate. Sales of 10 a 11,000 bushels at [illegible] cts. a $1,01 per bushel for good red on the Schuylkill afloat, and 1200 bushels prime Susquehanna red received by the Tide Water Canal, at $1 02 afloat, all for milling. Rye—Demand limited. Sales of Pennsylvania at 51 a 50 cts. Corn—The receipts have fallen off. Sales of 1200 bushels Pennsylvania yellow via Tide Water Canal at [illegible] cts. per bushel afloat, sales of several lots of Southern yellow at 51 a 52 cts. and 50 cts. for white. Oats—Fair sales at 30 cts. for Southern.

Molasses.—The sales have been restricted for want of supplies. A cargo of 140 hhds and 20 tcs. Trinidad sold at 27 cts; 125 bbls. fair New Orleans 29 cts; and 22 hhds. Matanzas at 21 cts. all 4 a 6 mos. Stock in first hands very light.

Naval Stores.—Sales of 500 bbls. Tar at $1,75 and some at $2 per bbl. 250 bbls. common Rosin at $1,50, and some good quality at $2,50. Pitch is $1a $2 25. Wilmington Soft Turpentine is [illegible] at $3,50 per bbl.

Oils.—Whale in hhds is selling at 34, and in bbls at 40 cts. Sperm $1 25 a $1 30. Limited sales of Linseed in bbls. at 42 cts. market dull and prices drooping.

Provisions.—There is a fair demand for Pork and Bacon, and supplies are coming in freely. A lot of Western Mess Pork has been sold at $15 per bbl. Sales in lots at $15,50 a $16. A lot of 75 bbls. Prime sold at $12,50 a [illegible]. Bacon—Upward of 100 casks have been sold at 9½ a 10 cts. for Hams, 8½ for Sides, and 7½ a 8 cts. for Shoulders. Sales in lots to the retailers, Hams at 10 a 10½; Sides 9, and Shoulders 8 cts. Lard—Upward of 200 kegs Western have sold at 9 cts cash 4 a 4 mos. market poorly supplied, and holders now ask higher. Butter continues dull at 8½ to 11 cts. per lb.

Rice.—Sales at 3½ a 3 5-8 cts. per lb. in lots.

Saltpetre.—A sale of 30 bags Crude at 6½ cts. per pound.

Spirits.—Fair sales of Brandy on the wharf at $1 77½ a $1 80 for Bordeaux in pipes and half pipes, and $1,40 for Rochelle. From store sales at $1 [illegible]. Rum—Sales of N. E. in hhds at 30, and in bbls. 31 cts. Whiskey—Demand limited at 30 a 29½ cts. in hhds. Free sales in bbls at 27 cts. and but little in the market for sale.

Sugars.—The market is bare in first hands of New Orleans and St. Croix, and the stock of Porto Rico is quite small, and good qualities are in active request. Sales on the wharf of 120 hhds. Porto Rico at 6¼ to 6⅞ cts. 400 boxes Havana brown at 7½ to 7 5-8 cts. 100 hhds Cuba at 7 cts. all 4 to 6 mos.

Teas.—About 400 packages Imperial have been taken for export, on terms not made public. 200 packages sold at 43 cts. for Canton, and 40 cts. for common country, packed Young Hyson being 3 to 4 cents advance on the rates demanded two weeks since.

Wines.—Sales of 20 qr casks Sweet Malaga, at 30 to 32 cts. Some San Lucar at [illegible] and L. P. Teneriffe at [illegible] cts. all on the usual credit.

Wool.—No sales of any magnitude have been reported. Stock light and the demand occasionally limited, and prices [illegible] supported.—*North American.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board for the Saturday Evening Post.

	price sold for	par
172 shares United States Bank,	7⅜a8⅜	100
6 do Far. & Mec. Bank,	57	50
180 do Girard Bank	40¼a41	50
21 do Mechanics Bank	[illegible]	[illegible]
11 do North America Bank	390	400
4 do Penn Township Bank	55	50
119 do Com. & RR. Bank Vicks.	13a18	100
30 do Lewisville Bank	77	100
30 do Commercial Bank Cincin.	15	100
5 do Northern Bank Ky.	85	100
250 do Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	42¼a43	50
100 do Harrisburg RR.	24	50
17 do Camden & Amboy RR.	120	100
20 do Phil. & Trenton RR.	110	100
65 do Reading RR.	13	50
246 do N. A. Insurance Co.	10	10
22 do Schuylkill Navigation Co.	70	50
10 do Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	44	50

WATCH LOST—TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST on Monday evening, the 20th ult. between Front and Third, and Queen and New streets, a Lady's GOLD WATCH, to which were attached a Guard Chain, on which were two keys, one of which was gold, and one a Silver Pencil, with the initials "E. S." cut on it. The finder will receive the above reward and the thanks of the owner, by leaving the same at No. [illegible] South Front Street, first door above Queen street.

PAPER HANGINGS.—No. 144 Chesnut St. above Sixth. A new and splendid variety of Paper Hangings, Borders, Fire Screens, &c. wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices.

Careful and experienced Paper Hangers, whose work will be warranted, can always be obtained, and will go to any part of the country if required.

FINN & NEWLAND.

No. 144 Chesnut street above 6th, opposite the Theatre. Country merchants supplied on the most reasonable terms. my 2—2t

A SAD MISTAKE.—Francis Mahan has proclaimed himself out of the woods, and says he thinks he may now claim the right to shout victory, but Francis is wrong. He cannot be allowed to claim and use Ward's system to palm him out, although they wink at his cataloguing my system to cut his coats by, which they pronounced of superior good &c. &c. *It must be for ever, To be so robbage from another, it is sure to be found out,* but hear what the Chairman of the only Committee legally appointed has to say on the subject.

A. WARD.

To Mr. Allen Ward—Sir—In answer to your letter directed to me as Chairman of the Committee of Master Tailors, appointed pursuant to Mahan's challenge, to investigate and decide between yourself and Francis Mahan as to which of you is the best Cutter of Garments and Publisher of the best System of Garment Cutting. I can only say that our delay of proceedings is caused by the failure of Mr. Mahan to produce to the satisfaction of a majority of the Committee any thing like a system of his own. That which he has produced was instantly known by a majority of the Committee to be your Protractor System, which the said majority could not recognize as belonging to him. Hence it follows that Mr. Mahan has been premature in cutting the coats and appointing persons to decide his victory. Whenever he can shew the Committee that he has a system of his own to compete against yours, then I will call the members of the Committee together and you shall each have a fair chance to cut coats and display your respective systems for the benefit of the trade and the award of merit, but as yet Mr. Mahan has failed to shew a system to compete with yours, and therefore the Committee cannot proceed.

Yours, with respect. Signed, WM. DEAL,
my 2—3t Chairman of Committee.

CARD TO TAILORS.—A certain William Deal, recipient per excellence, Chairman by virtue of his being the [illegible] and insufficient member of a Committee appointed to see the draft cut, in a practical trial of skill between F. Mahan and Allen Ward, in which each party were to cut coats for men of different and peculiar shapes, (vide published challenge) has been induced, by what means is not known, but may be conjectured, to sign a paper stating that the two systems were alike, and that Mahan presented no system of his own.

Now be it known that the persons appointed as umpires, were first Geo. W. Farr chosen by Allen Ward, second, John Hobson, chosen by F. Mahan, and lastly, WM. DEAL, the third umpire, who was chosen by Messrs. Farr and Hobson, in accordance with the terms of the challenge, but who received no appointment as CHAIRMAN from either of the gentlemen of the Committee. The Committee met, decided that the coats should be cut, and in accordance with instructions from that Committee F. Mahan cut out the coats, they were made up, and given to a second Committee, who reported in favor of F. Mahan.

Let it be remembered that Mr. Deal was not appointed to judge which was the best System, but merely to see the coats cut by the drafts as published by the parties, and to see that each party strictly adhered to the drafts they published; the second Committee were to decide which was the best, according to the challenge.

Pending the investigation Mr. Deal remarked that Mr. Ward would not and could not cut with Mahan with any chance of success, and that Mr. Farr had expressed the same opinion. Mr. Deal further said that Mr. Ward could not cut a coat to fit.

Mr. Deal has told Mr. Hobson and others that he knew Mahan's drafts to be the best. After the two coats were cut Mr. Hobson called on Mr. Deal, who was at that time indisposed, and asked him if he was satisfied with the proceedings in having the coats cut, &c. when Deal replied that he was.

So much for Mr. Deal—"Chairman," it has often been a subject of remark, that offices and titles are easily obtained in this country, verily it appears so, and the majority of a committee is conveniently dubbed "Chairman." Friends and Patentees awake fellows and so may Allen Ward.

Mr. William Deal would much oblige by early informing me who it was who gave him the appointment of "Chairman of this Committee."

F. MAHAN.
No. 215 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

The following certificate will show that Mr. Deal has acknowledged the two Systems to be separate and distinct.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 1836.

Mr. Mahan, Sir—After having tried your System for one year, permit me to say that it is superior to any which I have used. For five years previous to the last year I was in the custom of using Mr. Ward's System, and have, therefore had an opportunity of judging the merits of both, and give yours a decided preference.

my 2—1t Yours, respectfully, WM. DEAL.

COCOONERY FOR RENT. Persons desirous of raising Silk Worms will find an opportunity of renting a Cocoonery with the fixtures, and a sufficient quantity White Italian and Morus Multicaulis leaves to raise from 20 to 30 ounces of Eggs. A gentleman acquainted with the business would be willing to attend to the superintendance during the season. This affords a rare chance for a person about embarking in the business as they might test it before entering upon an extensive outlay. For further particulars apply on the premises on the Point Road 2 1-3 miles above the old Glass House or at this office. my 2—3t*

A-LA-MODE.—This Quarterly Periodical contains a full description of the Fashions. Price from $1 25 to 5. The Fashion Card has 17 figures on a sheet of the largest size. A scene like the New York Battery with the ship Pennsylvania and two other ships of the line, one represented under full sail. Another scene—a garden in Paris.

Those who admire a neat picture, with every variety of the present fashions, will please address J. H. Bunker, of New York city, or J. H. CHAPPELL, my 2—1t of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

Miss BRUCE, the Juvenile Vocalist, and Mr. C. D. JENKINS, Tenor Singer, and Delineator of Yankee and other Eccentric Characters respectfully announces to the public that they intend giving their Grand Concert

This evening, May 2d. at 8 o'clock,

Consisting of some of the most admired SONGS, BALLADS, and DUETTS.

Mr. JENKINS will deliver one of his most Humorous Imitations, Delineations and Personifications of Eccentric Character, such as he has actually met with in his travels causing moments of Innocent Mirth and Hilarity.

On Monday evening the PYROTROPE will be exhibited at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents, or if purchased previous to the evening, Five for One Dollar.

ALMANAC.

May, 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water	Moon's phases.
2 Saturday,	5 6	6 54	2 21	
3 Sunday,	5 5	6 55	3 25	D. H. M.
4 Monday,	5 4	6 56	4 21	
5 Tuesday,	5 3	6 57	5 36	New 1 7 5
6 Wednesday,	5 2	6 58	6 37	First 8 9 49
7 Thursday,	5 1	6 59	7 32	Full 16 6 29
8 Friday,	5 0	7 0	8 23	Last 24 8 21
9 Saturday,	4 59	7 1	9 8	New 31 2 11

Philadelphia Post Office.
Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at 3 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 3 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 3½ A. M. & 3½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 2½ P. M.

TAKE NOTICE. A stated meeting of the Temperance Beneficial Association, Tyng Branch, No. 10, will be held in Mr. Gillett's Church, 13th street above Race on next Tuesday evening. my 2—1t

MARRIED.

By the Rev. George Chandler on the evening of the 26th ult. Mr. James S. Frink, to Miss Susan Funk.

By the same, on the evening of the 23d ult. Mr. Wm. Gibson, to Miss Elizabeth McCleary.

In Wilmington, on Sunday evening, 26th ult. by the Rev. P. Reilly, Dr. Jeremiah McCarthy, of Philadelphia, to Mary, daughter of F. Higgins, of the former place.

On Thursday 23d ult. by John Swift, Mayor, Mr. Abraham Z. Shriver, of New Jersey, to Sarah Ann Cook, of this city.

On Thursday, 23d ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Adam Short, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Miss Elizabeth Morris, of Philadelphia.

At West Point, N. Y. 23d April, by the Rev. Dr. Brown, Lieut. J. Vodges, of the U. S. Army, to Miss Georgiana W. eldest daughter of C. Beard, Esq.

On Thursday morning, 23d ult. in St. John's Church Salem, by the Rt. Rev. D. Doane, the Rev. Edward G. Prescott, Rector of St. John's Church, to Miss Margaret Johnson Smith.

In Baltimore, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Heiner, Charles Groves, of Philadelphia, to Alice Rodger, of Baltimore.

On Thursday morning, 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Clemson, Joseph Lyter, of Keswick Farm, Lancaster county, to Miss Louisa Vernier, of this city.

In Reading, Dr. H. H. Muhlenberg, to Miss Amelia Hiester, both of Reading.

On Tuesday evening, April 21st, by the Rev. John Kennedy, Mr. Hiram W. McCulley, to Miss Susan F. Hamm, both of the State of Delaware.

On Thursday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Stephen A. Mealy, Mr. Joseph Augustus Miller, to Miss Anne Elizabeth B. Bachman, all of this city.

On the 8th of January last, by the Rev. George Higgins, George W. Pownall, to Ann Ralfsnider, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. Nicholson, Chas. Francis, to Maria Lewis Jefferies, all of Philadelphia.

At Douglassville, Berks county, Pa. on the morning of April 28th, 1840, by the Rev. Oliver A. Shaw, Horatio Messersmith, Attorney at Law, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ann McKenty, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. McKenty, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Demme, Chas. Kessler, Esq. to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Abraham Levering, Esq. all of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, Pa.

On Wednesday, April 29th, by the Right Rev. B. T. Onderdonk, of New York, Caspar W. Sharpless, to Eliza Sevin, daughter of the Right Rev. Henry U. Onderdonk, of this city.

DIED.

On the 21st ult. Mr. Adam Steinbach, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 24th ult. of scarlet fever, Maria Matilda, daughter of the late John and Maria Slack, in the 7th year of her age.

On the 5th ult. in the 31st year of his age, John Henry Mitchell, son of Dr. J. K. Mitchell.

On the 20th ult. Maria Josefa Espinosa, consort of the late Angel de la Cuesta, of Mexico.

On Sunday, 26th ult. Clara Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Robert T. Bicknell, in the 6th year of her age.

In Williston township, Chester county, Pa. on the 12th ult. Mrs. Ann Scott, in the 80th year of her age, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

On Thursday afternoon, 23d ult. Mr. Zebedee Harmany, in the 67th year of his age.

On Thursday morning, 23d ult. Graham, infant son of Abraham G. and Margaret Perkins.

On the 23d ult. John Stayman, Sr. in the 74th year of his age.

On Wednesday, 22d ult. Mrs. Catharine Lehman Ashmead, wife of Thomas Ashmead, in the 49th year of her age.

At Clinton, Hunterdon county, N. J. on Thursday, 16th ult. Mrs. Eliza Manners, wife of Dr. John Manners, and daughter of the late Thomas Cooper, L. L. D. of South Carolina, aged 40 years, much regretted.

In this city on the 21st ult. Mrs. Ann Merriken, formerly of Wilmington, Del. in the 67th year of her age.

On Sunday, 26th ult. Mr. William W. Wands, aged 30 years.

On the morning of the 27th ult. Harper W. son of Isaac and Rachel Griffith, aged 3 years and 1 month.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Vollintine, wife of Benjamin Vollintine, in the 50th year of her age.

At San Angel, near the city of Mexico, on the 23d of March, at an advanced age, William Maclure, Esq. formerly of this city, and for upwards of twenty years President of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

On Saturday afternoon, 25th ult. after a sudden illness, Mr. Frederick Kuntstine, son of the late Chas. Kuntstine, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Thomas Marston, after a protracted illness, in the 61st year of his age.

On the morning of the 25th ult. at the residence of her son, in Beverly, Rebecca Newbold, aged 82 years, relict of the late Joshua Newbold, formerly of Trenton, N. J.

At Camden, N. J. on the 13th ult. Mr. Archibald Lytle, Chronometer and Watchmaker.

In Brooklyn, L. I. on Sunday, 19th ult. Mrs. Hannah Fostar, in the 65th year of her age.

On the night of the 28th ult. in the 74th year of his age, David Lewis.

On the morning of the 29th ult. Mary O. daughter of Joseph and Eliza Maule, in the 6th year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, 29th ult. Lydia Ellen, daughter of Wm. E. Hanson, aged 22 months.

Suddenly, on the 28th ult. at his residence in Richmondville, Moses J. Gocker, aged 42 years, formerly of this city.

Health Office, April 25, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.
From the 18th to the 25th April.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Hip,	1	0	Brought over,	27	24
Asphyxia,	0	1	——Remittent,	1	0
Apoplexy,	2	0	——Puerperal,	2	0
Cancer,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	5
Croup,	0	1	Hemorrhage from Bowels,	1	0
Congestion of Lungs,	0	1	——Uterine,		
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	Inflammation of Brain,	1	5
Colic,	1	0	——Bronchi,	0	4
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	7	——Lungs,	3	4
Convulsions,	1	3	——Stomach,	1	1
——Puerperal	0	1	——Bowels,	1	1
Crusta Lactea,	0	1	——Liver,	1	1
Diarrhœa,	1	0	——Throat,	0	2
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	——Heart,	1	0
——Head,	0	0	Insanity,	1	0
Debility,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
Dothinenteritis,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
Erysipelas,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
Enlargement of Heart,	1	0	Pleurisy,	0	1
Effusion on the Brain,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	0
Fever Intermittent,	0	1	Still Born,	0	9
——Typhoid,	1	0	Unknown,	0	2
Carried over,	27	24	Total, 107—	48	59

Of the above there were [illegible] from the almshouse, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

April	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
19,	58	64	64
20,	58	60	66
21,	51	57	57
22,	54	59	62
23,	71	77	78
24,	74	76	78
25,	68	77	80

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 165 North Second st. between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (tooth Sheet and Filleting) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, Coverlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c. my 26—m

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS. The subscribers, having enlarged their store for the purpose of increasing their assortment of Goods in general, and more particularly in the Furnishing and Silk department, take this opportunity to inform their friends that they have just opened some of the most desirable goods of the season, viz.

Silks, Mousselines de Laine, Lawns and Chintzes.

Plaid, striped and plain Cambrics, of the most approved make.

A new style of fig'd plain Ginghams.

French Capes and Collars.

A new variety of men's and boy's spring and summer wear.

Also, a great variety of Furnishing Goods, viz.

Dresden and Marseilles Quilts.

5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 12-4 Barnsley and Irish Sheetings.

Table Linens, Napkins and Doylies, of all widths and sizes. HOOPES & Co.

my 2—3t N. E. corner ELEVENTH and MARKET sts.

DYEING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 63 New street, between Second and Third street, Philadelphia. PETER McARTHUR informs his friends and the public, that he Dyes all descriptions of Silk, Cotton and Woollen Goods. All articles finished and put up equal to any similar establishment in the city, and at as moderate prices.

N. B. Gentlemen's Clothing Scoured and Pressed, Ladies' Shawls Cleaned, Fringes Curled, and warranted not to Fade the Borders. my 2—3t*

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have ever used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness. BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of Phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. This Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures Asthma—two or three large doses will cure the Croup of Hives of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of Whooping Cough, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "Consumption" have been restored to perfect health by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.

Where also may be had Jayne's Carminative Balsam for the cure of Bowel Complaints, &c. TONIC VERMIFUGE for the removal of worms &c. SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and Female Diseases, &c. Also Jayne's HAIR TONIC for the removal of BALDNESS and preservation of the HAIR. ap 25—3m

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP—TO PARENTS.—JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is without exception the most valuable preparation in use for the above diseases. It converts Whooping Cough into a mild and tractable disease, shortens its duration more than one half and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half to one tea spoonful will certainly cure CROUP in infants and young children, in half an hour and an hour. The lives of hundreds of children will be saved annually by always keeping it on hand ready for every emergency. Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

ASTONISHING INCREASE!

FOUR THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS IN TWO MONTHS!!!

When we first purchased the old and well known establishment of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, we stated that the paper circulated so widely among the steady, reading portion of the United States, that we entered upon our labors with full confidence of the future. Our success has since been beyond our most sanguine expectations, as our

WEEKLY RECEIPTS

overbalance those of *any cotemporary paper*. Our list has continued to swell up, with unexampled rapidity, and we have the confidence that at the present rate of increase we shall be enabled in a few months to boast of more than

35,000 SUBSCRIBERS!!!

When we commenced our labors, we announced distinctly, that the tone of the paper should be decidedly moral, and that nothing should be admitted into our columns which the most fastidious father could disapprove of and determined that as an approved

FAMILY PAPER,

it should not contain a paragraph, with the spirit of which a parent would not wish to have a daughter familiar, and we therefore, with this view, announced that *NO THEATRICAL NOTICES*, should appear in our columns, and that we should be *OPPOSED TO THEATRES*, as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind,—as creative of exhibitions demoralising in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact. There were not wanting blusterers, who made a great parade of opposition, and Croakers, who predicted our speedy downfall, but we threw ourselves upon the sober rational and experienced portion of the people of the United States for support, and we have been

NOBLY SUSTAINED.

We thought and expressed the opinion, that however careless many might be upon this subject, that few, even if they did not entirely disapprove of such entertainments, cared about having the gross details forever paraded before the eyes of their children, and the sickening, and nauseating eulogy of all kinds of characters made familiar to their minds.

We determined also, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly NEUTRAL IN POLITICS, and that as news and literary journalists we had nothing to do with the matter: this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, each public documents as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall *studiously*, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

The paper is now printed in a new and beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as *the handsomest family sheet in the Union*." Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing.

In addition to these efforts toward perfection in the mechanical department, and exterior of our paper, no labor, and no cost has been spared in the development of intellectual strength. The greatest variety of interesting tales, original, from foreign and domestic magazines, together with the valuable contributions of our own circle of literary friends will continue to give interest to the paper, while every thing important and worthy of note that happens in the Old World or the New, shall be collected and collated for the taste of our readers.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

Shall always be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention, while such things as may interest our juvenile readers, and that important and large class of our readers,

THE FARMERS,

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify as much as possible, the laudable desire of our country readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such

News, Memoranda, Tables, Facts, Hints, &c.

as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The *state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly* given.

We have ever been opposed to the constant bluster and parade made by some editors, about the excellence of their papers, and have resolved, that the Saturday Evening Post, shall be so conducted, as to

SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

Our readers will always find in its columns the earliest and most authentic information, as well as the most choice and entertaining literary matter. We have totally discarded the system of filling the paper with *quack advertisements*, but prefer giving our readers from week to week,

ENTERTAINING READING MATTER.

And we feel assured that we shall be no losers thereby, as but few readers care about having a paper filed with descriptions of these nauseating compounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished for $2 per annum in advance, or one copy three years for $5. To those who wish to subscribe for a Philadelphia Magazine, we will furnish a copy of the Philadelphia Casket, and two copies of the Post for one year for $5 free of postage and discount.

No New Subscribers received without the Money.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all postmasters who will be kind enough so to do, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish an exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their papers, marked with ink to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

SPRING VILLA SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Bordentown, N. J.—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Wednesday the 22d of April.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches that constitute a complete and thorough education. The principal features of this Institution, however consists in its being essentially a French school, the pupils being required to use the French language in their intercourse with each other, and with their teachers, both in and out of the school room, they are thus enabled to acquire readiness and fluency in the use of that beautiful idiom, without any detriment to the English branches.

The Musical Department, which is under the care of Mr. E. R. Hansen, a gentleman who joins great professional ability to twenty years' experience, receives also more than usual attention. As the improvement of the pupils depends chiefly on regularity and assiduity in practising, there resides in the Institution an assistant teacher, whose duty is to be constantly in the music rooms, superintending the practice, and aiding the scholars in the difficulties they may meet with.

The property occupied by this Seminary is a delightful Villa, formerly belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and situated immediately opposite that gentleman's park. In point of comfort and beauty, it is certainly not surpassed by any similar establishment in the country.

The number of pupils is limited to forty. No day scholars are received. There are now a few vacancies, and parents or guardians desirous of obtaining admission for their daughters or wards, may apply either personally or by mail, to A. N. GIRAULT, Principal.

*** Catalogues containing terms, regulations, system of education &c. may be found at the store of H. Perkins, 134 Chesnut street, Philadelphia; and for information concerning the character of the school, and the estimation in which it is held, reference is made to the following persons, who, with the exception of one, have had, or now have, daughters or wards under Mr. G's care.

Niagara Falls, N. Y. Judge Samuel De Veaux.

Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mrs. E. Arnold.

New York City, Mrs. Deane 170 Broadway.

Bordentown, N. J. Capt. Edw. McCall, U. S. N.; Rev. R. B. Hall, John L. McKnight.

Philadelphia, Judge Jos. Hopkinson, Walnut above 13th street; William Levan, 193 north 6th street; E. W. Dunlap, City Hotel; John Naglee, corner of Brown and Front street.

Lancaster, Pa. Hon. James Buchanan.

Cornwall Furnace, Lebanon co. Pa. John Reynolds.

Bedford, Pa. Mrs. Naomi Kerns.

Sunbury, Northumberland co. Pa. E. Greenough, Mrs. Rebecca Fisher.

Camden, Del. Jonathan Jenkins.

Fayetteville, Austin county, Va. John T. Jeter, Dr.

Newbern, N. C. John F. Burgwyn.

Onslow Court House, Onslow co. N. C. David W. Sanders.

Warsaw, Duplin county, N. C. Gen. Wm. L. Hill.

Waynesborough, N. C. Dr. Buckner Hill.

Wilmington, N. C. Col. John D. Jones.

Charleston, S. C. Dr. Dolyman.

St. Louis, Mo. John Deane.

St. Augustine, Florida, M. H. Tucker. ap 11—3m

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This medicine has already proved itself to be all that it has been recommended by those who have given it a fair test in this county, and the demand for it increases daily. We have just heard of an important cure of Asthma, which has been effected by the use of it in a neighboring town—the case was that of a female who had for a long time been under the care of a physician, but had received no relief and her case was beginning to be considered hopeless. As a last resort she purchased a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which caused her to expectorate freely, gradually eased her cough, and is rapidly restoring her to health. We have no hesitation in saying this preparation of Dr. Jayne's for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Consumption, &c. is the most valuable medicine ever offered to the American public. There is no quackery about it.—Dr. Jayne is one of the most skilful practising physicians in Pennsylvania; and wherever his preparations have been thoroughly tested, he is looked upon as a great public benefactor.—*Somerset (Me.) Journal.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.00 ap 11—3m

Philadelphia, April 13th, 1840.

To Messrs. Allen Ward and Francis Mahan, Gentlemen.

The unarranged a committee appointed to examine the Coats cut in accordance with a Challenge given by Francis Mahan and accepted by Allen Ward, to test by trial your relative skill in the manner of Garment Cutting, respectfully make known to you that they have performed that portion of the duty allotted to them, and report the following result.

The committee met for the performance of their function on the 13th inst. and examined the Coats cut by Francis Mahan for customers of different and peculiar forms, the coats were tried on the said customers which the committee pronounced of superior cut and good fit. The committee bear testimony that Mr. F. Mahan adhered as strictly to the letter and spirit of the challenge as was possible in the absence of his competitor, and regret that Mr. Ward would not or did not cut; and in default thereof, we award the victory to F. Mahan.

Signed H. N. ENGLISH, of the firm of J. P. BROWNING & Co. corner of 4th and Chesnut streets. WM. H. SIMPSON,

ap 18—3t S. W. corner of 7th and Pine streets.

THE CLIO.

Yesterday's the worst of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Farewell.

O Love! how oft thy votaries watch the moon
And dream,—aye dream in ecstacy of thee,
As if enchanted, round the silver sphere
A ray of hope to waken thoughts that soon
Fade from the mind as o'er her face there glides
Some nameless cloud, that all her beauty hides,
And time by fancy's remembrance dies!
Full many an anxious gaze directed there,
While on her lovely face deep thought remains,
Fore bright with fire, than fettered by Despair
And as her orb in light and beauty grows,
So o'er the heart increasing sadness steals
But oft as like her waning Beauty's close,
Some sinking heart a cruel fate reveals.

E. E.

EVERY MAN HAS TITLE.—*A Fact.*—"Time-thy," said a crippled dame to a fluent-headed orator, as he was running in from church a few weeks since, "who preached to-day?"

"Sunbim, marm," promptly responded Timothy.

"Sunbim! Sunbim!" echoed the astonished dame, "where are your manners? what clergyman Sunbim?"

Mister, Master Sunbim, I mean," squealed out Tim, and with another pull by way of a strengthener to his memory, he was released. Next Sunday, however, the dame commenced her catechising-lecture as usual.

"Well, Timothy, what did our good parson talk about to-day?"

"*Mister Moses!* marm," responded Timothy, with double emphasis.

PHILANTHROPIC.—"And now, *my friends*," sonorously yours ago, and an old Highland preacher suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock, "*and now, my friends*," the good man repeated, as wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation wiping with outstretched chins at listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject within his body, was still unexhausted.

"——And now, *my friends*!" he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe, "*let us pray*! *for the poor Deil! There's nachody praying for the poor Deil!*"

A PLEASANT CLIMATE.—"In no winter within the memory of man," says a letter from Taganrog on South Russia, "have we had so much snow as during the present. From the 14th to the 23d January our streets and the surrounding country were covered to the depth of upwards of 20 feet, so that all communication was greatly impeded Such of the inhabitants as had not laid in a sufficient stock of provisions suffered most severely. It is said that upwards of 40 persons have died of cold and hunger. A man in who lived in Onchakof during the winter of 1798, affirms that the weather was not as severe there as that which we experienced here last January."

A MILITARY DANDY OF THE BOX TOM.—"Will you take supper, Sir Harry?" said a noble lender to a braggadocio of the Tomb, who was rolling and quizzing, and attitudinizing there her splendid acquaintances.

"Noo, My Lordy, I cut all suppers decoodedly."

"You play?" "Noo, I cut all kwards too."

"Then you must dance." "Noo, my Loddy Matty, I abominate dancing."

"But you must, Sir Harry: I have a partner for you."

"Well, trot her out."

A QUESTION FOR RULERS.—The growing power of the people in almost every country in Europe is such as to threaten finally, with a complete overthrow at no very remote period. It has almost ceased to be a question whether the few or the many shall be the instruments exercising power. That seems to be decided in favor of the latter in the minds of all observant and thinking men; and the only problem with which the wise politician thinks it worth while to busy himself, is by what steps and by what instruments the peaceable assimilations of the pure principles of representative government for the enlightened institutions of the Gallic race can be brought about.

THE GALLOW LAW.—An old fellow in Rankin county lately made the following argument against the law: "I'm agin it, because suppose a man's got two dollars, and he wants some whiskey and coffee for his wife and children. Now, he can't buy less than a gallon of whiskey, and that costs two dollars. Well, what's his wife and children to do for sugar and coffee?" There's no getting over that logic.

HUMAN IN CHAINS.—Two Irish laborers being at the execution of the murderer at the new scaffold before Newgate, one said to the other, "Arrah, Pat now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey," replied he, "no great difference only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

BR. FRANKLIN.—It is rather a curious incidental matter that the American Congress sent Dr Franklin, a printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Versailles, and sent Mr Jefferson, a bookseller as Minister to the United States. When Dr Franklin was told of it he exclaimed, "Well! PRINTER and Correspondence of America, and M Gerard will Read it."

WITTY REPARTEE.—Dr. Williamson had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday, the Doctor preached from the following text, which he pronounced with much emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present.—"There is no fool like the fool-Hardy!"

BEAUTY IN A WIFE.—A young man married a wife, whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him, at the end of one of their quarrels, "You don't love me, you cannot look me in the face and say that you love me." "You mistake, my dear," he cried, "for it is only since I took you in the face that I can say I love you."

CRIMINAL-SCIENCE.—"Sir," said a lady to the only male passenger in the omnibus in which she was riding, "Can you inform me why those vehicles are called omni-buses?" "Yes, madam," was the reply, "it arises that the passengers always receive a *general leaning*."—*Spirit of the Times.*

LITERARY.—A printer, on seeing a sheriff closely pursuing an unfortunate author, remarked, that it was a new solution of the "Pursuits of Literature," *unbound and but pressed.*"

EXCELLENT.—A printer who intended to advertise "*sheep, for at auction,*" by the transposition of a square, made the height of the humour offer "*sheep fr cat auction.*"

MUSICAL HIT.—The N. O. Picayune says, a Society has recently been formed at Grand Gulf entitled the "Night Howling Serenading Society."

RAISING ALARM.

Fire! sound the fire! sound! The mother saw her child
Upon the roof that overhung the water,
And shrieked it to it, to harried sounds with
Fire! sound the fire! *Fire* does not *hoo!* or *engine!*

MARRIAGE.—Tobin, in his Honey Moon, says—"All women are angels before marriage, and that is the reason why their husbands so soon make them at heaven afterward."

A TOWN INTERROGATED.—A small town in Arkansaw got so drunk last New Year's day, that several of the houses fell down in the streets.

A STORY OF THE ORLEANS REGENCY.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XV. when the government of France was entrusted to the Regent Orleans, a young Breton gentleman named Montlouis, the descendant of an ancient but decayed family, came to Paris on receiving a commission in the guards of the young king.—For some time he performed his duties without anything occurring to render his career of marked interest. One evening, however, in the month of November, 1725, while he was walking along one of the streets leading to the Louvre, wrapped closely up in his cloak to defend him from the severity of the weather, and with his hand upon his sword hilt by way of precaution, his path was gently and suddenly by a passing stranger, and heard the whispered salutation—"You are brave, George, punctual to the hour. Follow me."

The Chateau name of Montlouis was Pierre, and he therefore saw at once that the stranger had made a mistake; but the natural thoughtlessness and adventurous spirit of the youth, led him to form an instantaneous resolution to follow the stranger at his invitation. Accordingly, without another word passing between them, the pair moved onward along the narrow footpath, and after a walk of about five minutes, came to an open alley, where the stranger stopped for an instant, and mysteriously remarking, "This is the place," turned down the passage. A sort of dark avenue was then crossed, and finally M. Montlouis was led by his guide down several steps, which conducted them into a dark apartment, or rather a cave, as the young officer thought.—Though he could see no one, Montlouis was not long in discovering that he was in the midst of a pretty large assemblage of persons. He heard their whispers, and felt, from the heated atmosphere of the place, that many persons were breathing in it. In a few moments, moreover, his presence seemed to be announced, for many individuals came forward, and welcomed him with a kind of which a black curtain hung, concealing from view a small portion of the space. From behind this place Montlouis heard the tones and meanings of one or more female voices. In the open lighted space about thirty persons were assembled, all of them wrapped in long cloaks, similar to that worn by the young gentleman, and to which the mistake was doubtless owing which had brought him there. The party were all individuals of a grave and serious cast.

Montlouis covered his face as much as possible, and kept back from view, in the hope that no one would observe the error that had been committed. After a time a man of about forty years of age, dressed in appearance and having long hair falling upon his shoulders, came forward, and stood beside a dark object in the centre of the assemblage, which was covered with a dark cloth, being evidently a large table. This man, who, from the person, "I thank we are all present. Peace be with you." As these words were uttered, one of the party, as attendant seemingly, went to the door by which Montlouis had entered, and locked it. "Now," thought the officer, who began clearly to see the nature of the meeting upon which he had intruded himself so rashly, "now I cannot retreat if discovered, and may pay dearly for my folly." He had not much time to indulge in these meditations. The former speaker continued his address. "My Brethren," and he, "let us now offer up our prayers for our friend Bertrand de Brienne, who has quitted this vale of tears, and whose virtuous daughter, our beloved sister, entreats."——

At this point, one of the attendants advanced to the clergyman, for such he evidently was, and whispered a few words into his ear. Instantly he turned his eyes upon Montlouis, with a degree of evident surprise and alarm. He attempted indeed to continue his address but his voice faltered, and his thoughts were obviously occupied with another subject. The confusion of the pastor soon extended to the whole assembly. They separated from Montlouis, and stared on him with an expression of surprise, curiosity and dismay. Seeing this, the officer resolved to disclose the truth. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am an officer. I give my word of honour I am not." But there was no change in the looks of the party. "I am Monsieur de Montlouis," continued the gentleman, who, himself trained to respect the lonely oath by which Brienne had sworn, must convey an assurance of unblemished honor in the bearer.

What would have been the issue of this matter it is hard to say. But just as Montlouis was repeating his assertion, a noise was heard, and then, starting back as from a heinous crime, he exclaimed, "Supreme! touch me not! I know you, wretch," she continued, "you are no servant of the king. Help friends! here are one! let me not fall into this man's hands!"

The person of whom she spoke had laid hands upon her nevertheless, to drag her away, and no one offered to assist. Suddenly disturbed, bad and unpleasing looks, her youth and her beauty, stirred up the pity of Montlouis.

"Let go the lady," cried he, unsheathing his sword, "or whoever you may be, you shall have to answer to me."

No reply was made by the other, who continued his attempts to carry off the lady, until forcibly thrown aside by Montlouis. Before any one could attempt to oppose him, he had conducted her between the pair. Rapid passes were exchanged, and at length Montlouis had his antagonist at his feet. In an instant afterward, the lights were extinguished, and the young gentleman found himself drawn backward by unseen arms into the private passage, by which the party had previously disappeared. In another moment he was in the open air.

Several couches stood at the spot. Mademoiselle de Brienne left him, and entered one of the vehicles, but immediately afterward a person came up to the officer and said, "If Monsieur de Montlouis will do Mademoiselle de Brienne the honor of assisting in the completion of the sad ceremony which has been disturbed, she will feel gratified." He at once assented, and was ushered into one of the vehicles. "Forward!" cried a voice, and the whole of the carriages started at a rapid pace along the streets. After passing the barriers of the city, the travellers continued their route for a considerable distance, until they reached a lonely house surrounded by lofty walls. Here the carriages stopped, and the whole party left them.—The door was conveyed silently through the house into a garden, where a grave was found ready prepared. Rapidly and silently the ceremony of interment was gone through, and then, with mournful sighs, the whole assemblage separated, each apparently taking his own way.

M. de Montlouis stood on the meantime a little apart. At the close of the funeral that he was left alone with Mademoiselle de Brienne. She came up to him, her eyes filled with tears, "You have saved my life and honor, sir," said she, at length, "I fear at the cost of your own. Your eminent risk, of your own." "Speak not of it, lady," said Montlouis. "You have been witness to an assemblage," continued she, "of our persecuted Protestant brethren, who, at great peril to themselves, have dared to perform the last rites to my father, though he was a victim marked out by Cardinal Dubois' unrelenting hatred. I am not how you came among us; but you have saved me from the power of one who, under the pretext of conveying me to my relations, attempted to tempt me to ruin. Whether he has the regent's authority for his late attempt, I cannot say, but I know well that he is one whom the will not let pass unavenged by Dubois. You are lost, utterly lost, and I have been the unhappy cause."

Montlouis endeavored to assume her of the comparative safety of her fears, but he failed to make his argument good. "There is one way," said the lady, hesitatingly, "there is—there appears to me to be one way in which you may be saved. The young officer conjectured the cause of her hesitation. "Dear lady," said he, "fortune appears to have thrown us strangely together, and to have sealed our fates at one decisive blow.—But, believe me, if, to relieve us from this extremity, it might be necessary that I take steps which might appear improper at another moment, believe me, I will not presume upon them."

"Your purity encourages me," said Mademoiselle Brienne, "but I will speak plainly. It would be folly, as well as base ingratitude, to permit the indulgence of childish feelings at the cost of your self-possession and safety. Were I to return to England of which a black curtain hung, concealing from view a small portion of the space. From behind this place Montlouis heard the tones and meanings of one or more female voices. In the open lighted space about thirty persons were assembled, all of them wrapped in long cloaks, similar to that worn by the young gentleman, and to which the mistake was doubtless owing which had brought him there. The party were all individuals of a grave and serious cast.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Poor Relation.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

CONCLUDED.

When they arrived at the weaver's humble house, the table was set for the evening meal, and in spite of his painful wound, Charles Hazlewood could not help noticing the neatness of the whole arrangement, nor did he fail to notice the delicate beauty of the fairy like little Alice Turner. Mrs. Turner's heart-was, with all mothers, the minister to the necessities of the two boys. After his head had been bathed with one of those infallible specifics, always to be found among the poor, a bandage of similar efficacy was applied to the aching breast of Dennie, Charles had an opportunity to thank them all for their timely aid. He was regarded as a stranger, but the confidence sentiment among persons whom he had been taught to consider his inferiors in moral sense, as well as in point of importance. For the first time in his life, he found the poor precepts of morality and religion denuded of the adornments of education, and stripped of the simple garb of rustic language. He soon discovered the superiority of mind in Dennie, and stimulated by a desire to make some amends for the injury he had unintentionally inflicted, as well as by admiration of the poor boy's talents, he resolved to take him under his especial patronage.

To this end, Charles Hazlewood determined to apply, for counsel and assistance, in obtaining admission as a free pupil to the Institution; for he was aware that Dennie's parents were two of the most faithful supporters of the school, and that Charles had long been considered one of its most promising scholars. When he communicated his wishes, however, the young man shook his head. "It is very difficult," said he "to procure admission for the free pupils, without the solicitation of a friend, and it was generally conceded, that in genuine loudliness of feeling, the true source of all politeness, even the poor orphans of the fifth class community, might yield to the poor scholar.

"To be continued."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Words.

No one can contemplate those in this period of refinement without feeling more or less interest in their welfare.

In youth the character is formed,—the better feelings of our nature show forth,—the mind is then free from the cares of business; and the trials, and difficulties of manhood;—the dispositions of youth, display themselves are formed, and plans laid out for future life.

This is the time to engage the mind, and the feelings, in the pursuit of religion, ere they have become callous by the influence of the world; ere the lessons of piety first instilled are obliterated by the bustle and excitement of the world, ere the heart becomes hardened by the many trials which have led them far from the path of rectitude.

It has often been a cause of regret that so many of the "Sons of Temperance" are so in the gratification of their vanity, or of their unbridled desires, and never engaged in any pursuit of noble and elevated character.

But to behold a youth who has early dedicated himself to the service of his Heavenly Father—a youth whose only aim is the advancement of His kingdom, and the good of his fellow men, is a sight which none can contemplate but with pleasure and delight.

W. H. S.

Philadelphia, April 15th, 1840.

Died,

BY J. MORMAN

Where the flowers of Spring and Love have decayed
In the heart that late trusted and once beat betrayed,
In the cottage of loneliness there Woman has woken
For the struggle of life, and the heart has broken.

Hope—cheated too often, when most in an opening,
From the bosom that nursed it fled ever taking wing
Like Memory's shade, or the dream of the night,
To mock over the heart that Passion has made.

As it said that the sunshine the loneliest home
Will sometimes be visited, so was it with Love,
While the desolate cot takes her place on the wold,
And the heart is its sanctuary where she will rule.

NEWS FOR THE FARMER

From the Farmer's Companion.

Rules and Suggestions for Farmers.

BY THE LATE JUDGE BUEL.

CONCLUDED.

21. Where the soil is poor, you will grow it in a good course is as follows.—1. roots or Indian corn, with long manure upon the sod. 2. grain with grass-seeds. 3. grass for two years, or more one year. 4. grain with grass-seeds upon the first furrow; and, 5. and 6. meadow and pasture. The pasture, or more nearly the sod, the richest of which will be restored to grass, particularly to clover and pasture.

22. Geologists refer to three distinct formations. The primitive, or granite rock, which is the basis of the rest, or containing little lime and no organic remains; the *transition*, containing lime and organic remains, but no coal; and the *secondary*, extensively in both these elements of fertility. Their natural relative fertility is in the reverse order in which they are named, the secondary being best adapted to the growth of wheat, as in the valley of Mississippi, and the country drained by its tributary streams. We say nothing of alluvial formations, made by the action of rivers, but they deposite portable of the character of the country from whence they are brought, and are more or less fertile according to the kind. Soils are in no particular reasons why, and see if sine does not do it.

23. The means of preserving, and of augmenting, the fertility of the soil, are sufficiently indicated in the preceding suggestions. They consist mainly in manuring, draining, the admixture of earthy materials, and the alternation of crops.

26. Stable and fold-yard dung in most profitably applied in an unfermented, or partially fermented state, and to hoed and autumn-ripening crops. Fermentation diminishes the fertilizing properties of manure. If this fermentation takes place in the soil, the gases, the volatile portions which first escape from the putrefying mass, are retained in the mould, and serve to feed the crop. If fermentation takes place in the yard, or upon the surface, the gases are wasted, and only the fixed residuum remains in the soil, which ordinarily leach it. Long manure should be spread broadcast, and well burned by the plough.

27. Short manure, or that which has undergone fermentation, is most beneficial when harrowed in. Both long and short manure is rendered more effective by being cut and composted.

28. Old meadows may be kept in a productive state, in ordinary cases, by a triennial top-dressing with manure or compost.

29. Composts are economical, when made to absorb fertilizing liquids which would otherwise be lost. The waste of the dunghill, the bedding of the stable, and the contents of the privy, are fertilizing matters of the first class. A compost of these with vegetable matter, as peat-earth, &c.

30. Lime, gypsum, marl, and ashes are powerful stimulants, when applied in proper soils, of suitable crops Observation and experience will be the best guides in their application. They should all be applied to the surface, or but superficially covered.

31. All vegetable and animal matters consist, into the food of plants, when they are rendered soluble, or capable of being dissolved in the water of the soil.

32. Bones are also dust, horn shavings, woolrasts, woollen rags, urine, and animal carbon, or burnt bones, are concentrated manures, and should be used sparingly and with great care, upon or near the surface of the soil. Pigeons' and fowls' dung partake much of the character of the preceding, and require precaution in their use. We think the best mode of applying the two last named, is to mix ashes with them, or long manure, just before they are put upon the soil, whereby they are rendered soluble, and capable of being dissolved in the water of the soil.

33. The best guards against drought, are keeping the soil deep, rich, clean, and mellow on the surface.

34. The more cattle that are well kept upon a farm, the more manure; the more manure there is made, the more and better crops will be grown upon it, and the greater the means of sustaining an increased stock of animals upon it. All of these advantages are attained when root crops are made to enter largely into the system of culture.

A PATTERN MODERATOR.—The editor of the Exeter News Letter tells the following good story illustrating the independent conduct of Moderators (offices who preside at town meetings) in olden times:

Moderators are powerless now, compared with what they were in old times. They used to be somewhat arbitrary and lawless. We have seen some such in our day; but none quite equal to the worthy Major of a town in Essex,